

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

In the Boston market Maine, Vermont and Canada horses are said to bring twenty-five per cent. more than Western horses equally bred.

One pound of oilcake, says a distinguished French chemist, is equal to three pounds of corn meal, nine pounds of bran or ten pounds of hay.

Spiced Currants: Take three pounds of sugar, add a pint of vinegar, three tablespoonfuls of cinnamon and two of cloves. Add six pounds of fruit and boil twenty minutes. Excellent served with meat. —*Rural New Yorker.*

This is the season of the year when the farmer loves a drink of good, pure water. Do not forget that animals, including your hot chickens, thrive on the same innocent beverage. Healthy fowls cannot be raised on filthy water. —*N. Y. Herald.*

Broadcloth when worn may have a new face put on it by the following method: Rip up carefully, brush thoroughly, lay on the right side a cotton or linen cloth wrung from cold water, and pass a hot iron over the cotton, remove and press the broadcloth on the wrong side.

Pickled Beets: Boil very tender in quite salt water, skin, slice and place in an earthen pot or any convenient dish. For every good-sized beet allow a thin slice of onion, a tablespoonful of grated horse-radish and half a dozen cloves. Cover with cold vinegar. They will not keep over a week. —*Irral New Yorker.*

The American wonder or premium gem pease sown in August will, if they escape mildew, make a fair autumn crop. Much every way depends upon the weather for success, and from our own experience we prefer August to July. Mold from the woods makes a very nice fertilizer. The ground should be finely and deeply pulverized. —*N. Y. Herald.*

To Cure Nursing Sore Mouth: Mix together a teaspoonful of each of pulverized alum and borax, half a salt spoonful of pulverized nutgalls and a table-spoonful of honey (sugar will answer the purpose); pour over the mixture a teacupful of boiling water; let it settle, and with a clean linen rag wash the mouth four or five times a day, using a fresh bit of linen every time. This will cure sore mouth in mother and child. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

Chicken Cholera: When you give medicine for this disease be careful that the water the fowls drink is pure. We give a plenty of green food, chopped and made palatable by mixing with other edibles. If you see a thick-skinned fruit on the ground break it, so that the bird may get at its best part, or at least be tempted to try it. The *Poultry World* prescribes equal parts of peppermint, landanum and camphor—five to ten drops of the mixture every day.

Injurious Insects.

There are few things more humiliating to humanity than the sense of man's helplessness before very small insects. Tigers or wolves we can exterminate easily enough, if we really set ourselves to work at it; rats, mice and weasels we can keep down somehow. But before the Colorado beetle or the seven-year locust we are practically almost resourceless. And before the phyloxera or the hop-fly we can hardly do more than look on regretfully with folded hands. Yet it is some consolation to reflect that what seems at first sight a useless and purely ornamental science can help us to some extent in dealing with these infinitesimal pests. The only way to conquer them, if way there be at all, is to learn their whole life-history; to know them in the egg, in the larva, in the pupa, in the full-fledged insect; to crush them in every stage with whatever weapon the subtleties of chemistry or mere ingenious brute force can suggest; and to do nothing which can in any way give them a single extra chance of life. Nothing, in fact, could better show the intimate interaction and reaction of knowledge and practice than this interesting study. On the one hand, no means can be devised for getting rid of injurious insects except by a thorough scientific acquaintance with their origin and metamorphoses; on the other hand, no such careful observations on particular life-histories have ever been undertaken, probably, except with the stimulus of some practical advantage to mankind in view. Thus science and agriculture both gain by the conjunction. Even butterfly-hunting has its special commercial uses, when the butterfly turns out to be the parent of the gooseberry caterpillar, or to lay the eggs from which a warm sun will hatch out the destructive cabbage-worm.

Many of these observations help to bring out the minute interaction which often obtains between different parts of the organic balance; so that if we want to exterminate a particular insect, we must sometimes begin by encouraging or repressing some seemingly unconnected bird or plant. For example, botanists have long known that wet seasons are particularly favorable to charlock, and that after two or three such seasons the fields, unless diligently weeded, are yellow all over with its bright blossom. But charlock is apparently the native food-plant of turnip fly, from which the insect spreads easily to the cultivated turnip—a closely allied artificial form; much as the Colorado beetle, originally parasitic on a solanum in the Rocky Mountains, took readily to the richer food of the very similar potato vines, as soon as extended tillage began to approach its natural habitat.

It is only by such careful observation, with practical application of the results, that we can hope to outwit our insect foes; for the more widely any particular crop is grown, the more generally can its natural enemies spread and survive. Even in England, where hill and dale, copse and hedge break up the till, and where small fields of various staples are habitually much intermixed, the insects can easily migrate from patch to patch of their special food-plant: while in America, where the same crop sometimes covers hundreds of square miles together on the unfenced and unbroken plain, locusts and army worms can march straight across country, day after day, in regular battalions. —*St. James' Gazette.*

Confederate \$1,000 bills have lately been selling in Atlanta, Ga., for \$2, and \$100 bills for 25 cents.

Religious Department.

FOREVER TRUE.

"Himself Hath Said: 'I Will in No Wise Fail.'"

God is forever true!
His loving changes never,
Though oft and deep thy heart
Beneath His hand may quiver.
He makes thee to endure,
That faith may be more pure,
And patience steadfast grow;
Thy God is ever true.

God is forever true!
Though grievously it pain thee,
The thorn His wisdom leaves,
His strength will still sustain thee.
His discipline is good,
And all His Fatherhood
Thou yet shall fully know;
Thy God is ever true.

God is forever true!
The bondage of thy grieving
He will not overcome,
But haste to thy relieving.
He shakes the prison door,
And brings thee forth once more,
And bids thee still to show
That God is ever true.

God is forever true!
He comes to end thy mourning;
Behind the night of woe
His star of peace is burning.
The winds shall at His word,
Cleanse every stormy cloud;
O soul, take comfort now,
Thy God is ever true.

—From the German, in N. Y. Eccl. Mag.

Sunday-School Lessons.

THIRD QUARTER.
July 23—Blind Bartimeus. Mark 10:46-52
July 30—The Triumphal Entry. Mark 11:1-11
Aug. 6—The Fruitless Tree. Mark 11:20-25
Aug. 13—Prayer and Forgiveness. Mark 11:25-34
Aug. 20—The Wicked Husbandmen. Mark 12:1-12
Aug. 27—Pharisees and Sadducees. Mark 12:13-37
Sept. 3—Love to God and Men. Mark 12:28-34
Sept. 10—Calamities Foretold. Mark 13:1-20
Sept. 17—Watches and Sleep. Mark 13:31-37
Sept. 24—Review.

"A'N'T THERE NO P'RAPPS?"

An old laborer is leaning on a gate in the quiet evening, on the way home from his day's work. Presently the trot, trot of a horse breaks in upon the stillness. Muffled in the distance, but drawing nearer, and loud now on the hard, dry road. It is the farmer coming home from the monthly sale at the small town three miles away, and he draws rein, seeing the old man leaning on the gate. He is disposed for a chat, at least he is pleased to have some one to whom to tell the thoughts that have been busy in his mind during his ride; and the old man is somewhat of a favorite with him—he bears the character (alas! a rare one) of being thoroughly reliable. And the evening is still, and the day's work is done. And there is no one awaiting the farmer at home. In the autumn he talks of getting himself a companion, a helpmeet for him. But he must have things a bit straight first, and look about him on the land. Meanwhile he is full of plans and schemes, and he is minded to please himself to-night by unrolling some of the panorama of them before the eyes of the old peasant.

"Fine night, my man!" This of course commences every British conversation; and the prospects of the weather must now, as always, receive their due meed of first place in the talk. Then they go on to talk about the crops and the likelihood of the year, about the farming in the country that the farmer had come from, and the great superiority of the ways there. Great alterations were to be made, and the productiveness of the land was to be doubled.

"You see the rushes in this pasture-land, my man? Well, all that will have to be drained. There is a capital fall, and there is no reason why two blades of grass should not grow where one is growing now. You'll hardly know the place when I've been here a year or two. As for the plow-land I suppose you never saw a steam-plow hereabouts. So you go on, plowing the same ground over again, turning up just the same depth. And the tramp of men and horses upon the land, year after year, makes it as hard as a road two feet under the soil. Then, of course, you can't have the proper drainage, and the water stops at this hard caking. Ah, I shall make a vast change here. I shall have a steam-plow at work that will turn up the ground twelve inches deeper than the common plow does, and without a foot being set on the ground. Then I shall improve the breed of cattle. You have lots of wool and poor mutton; we had first class mutton, but little wool. Now I mean to get the two things together here. I am certain to do it; it's to be done by some people call science, and other folks common-sense. Then the bullocks, I have an idea or two about those; there's a deal to be done yet in crossing breeds, and believe that I'm the man to do it. I've capital, you see, and a bad season or two. And it mayn't be this year, nor next, nor the year after that, but I'm sure to turn over heaps of money in the end. I shall want some one to help me, of course, in the home work. And I flatter myself I've got a nice, sensible lass, with no fine-lady ways about her, and I'm going to bring her home about Michaelmas. I shall have all ready in the house for her by then, and I'll warrant she'll soon make all tidy and comfortable and the eggs. Why, there are millions of eggs sent to this country from France, from Ostend, every year. Why shouldn't we have the price of them? Ah, I shall institute a reform in a good many things about here. I shall make my own fortune and the fortune, I dare say, of many another, too. I shall—well, I can't tell you half of what I've decided to do, even this very year."

"A'nt there no p'rapps?" This was what the simple-minded old man said, and thus he checked the flow of the farmer's talk. The God-fearing peasant's thoughts had been troubled and bewildered by the confident and presumptuous predictions of the farmer. Something he felt constrained to say, and the lessons that had sunk into his mind from his study of God's Word, the teaching of a chapter in St. James' Epistle General, had thus simply and naturally slipped itself into this artless, yet subtle question.

"A'nt there no p'rapps?" The farmer, hereupon, as one who had had an unwelcome truth brought home to him, rode off in silence, if not in dudgeon. Yet who knows what effect that simple word, spoken thus in season, might have had upon his heart?

There was need. I tell a true story, and the question was thus asked, and the event came about as I am now to relate. The young farmer fell ill before the autumn came. His complaint was pronounced to be a cancer, and by Christmas he lay in the church-yard. And where then were all his plans laid up for many years? "A'nt there no p'rapps?" The words in the old man's mouth seemed an inspired warning from God.

Small need is there to point the moral of the tale.—*Sunday at Home.*

The House of God.

"For the Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will be withheld from them that walk up-rightly. O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee." —*Psalms lxxviii, 1, 12.*

In this sweet Sabbath psalm the writer rejoices in the house of God. He evidently loves the place of godly assembly, the place where prayer and praise were offered by the united tribes of his people. But, brethren, there was no superstition in this love. He loved the house of God because he loved the God of the house. His heart and flesh cried out, not for the altar and the candlestick, but for his God. True, his soul fainted for the courts of the Lord; but the reason was that he cried out for the living God, saying: "When shall I come and appear before God?" Brethren, it is well to take an interest in the place where you gather for worship. I am always glad when brethren are moved to contribute towards the necessary maintenance of the building and the provision for its cleanliness and propriety. I hate that God should be served in a slovenly way. Even the place where we meet to worship should show some sign of reverence for His name. But still our respect for our place of assembly must never degenerate into a superstitious reverence for the mere structure, as though there were some peculiar sanctity about the spot, and prayer offered there would be more acceptable than elsewhere. The great object of desire must be to meet with God Himself. In hearing, the point is to hear the voice of God. In singing, the charm is truly to please the Most High. In prayer, the main object is to plead with God, and so to speak that our cry comes up before him, even to His ears. Let us always recollect this, and never rest content with merely going to a set place. Let us reckon that we have failed if we have not met with God. Let us come up, hither with strong desire for communion with the Lord in spirit and in truth.

The Psalmist also knew right well that the spiritual law runs through everything; he perceived that character is an essential, not only to acceptable worship, but to all real blessedness. In text he speaks not of those who visit the temple, but of those who worship; and, trust in God. There is no necessary blessedness in visiting tabernacles and temples. In all assemblies for worship the question is: Who are they that gather? Are their hearts in God's ways? Are their souls thirsting after God? The promises are very rich; but to whom are the promises made? What if they are not made to us? Then, the richer they are the more sorrowful will be our loss of them. —*Spurgeon.*

Choice Extracts.

—Better that life be a short self-sacrifice than a long self-seeking. —*N. W. Wells.*

—The greatest victories and the sweetest enjoyments are reached through suffering. —*Our Continent.*

—An humble knowledge of thyself is a surer way to God than a deep search after learning. —*Thomas a Kempis.*

—Tears on the cheek of a repentant soul are more precious in the eyes of God than the pearls in the diadems that angels wear. —*W. P. Blood.*

—To rejoice in another's prosperity is to give content to your own lot; to mitigate another's grief is to alleviate or dispel your own. —*Tryon Edwards.*

—It is hard sometimes, to speak a kind word to others when the shadows rest on your own heart, but nothing will tend more to lighten your own cares than the effort to help another.

—Men may close their eyes to the evidences of the truth of the New Testament and remain in voluntary darkness and blindness, but the evidences exist, attested by unimpeachable witnesses. —*John Hall.*

—In Sparta it was a law that men should worship the gods with as little expense as possible. There are already enrolled on the church books of the United States enough such Spartans to make three thousand new Thermopylae. —*Our Continent.*

—No grace is more necessary to the Christian worker than fidelity; the humble grace that marches on in sunshine and storm, when no banners are waving and there is no music to cheer the weary feet. —*S. J. Nicolls.*

—I would spend my latest breath in pleading that every man, however humble or destitute or worthy he may seem to be, should be treated with consideration as a human being, in the spirit of philanthropy and our most holy Christianity. —*D. B. Myers.*

—A sermon that is to accomplish an end and to be worth listening to must embody real thoughts, thoughts that have some connection with the interests and issues of life, and must be instinct with the living convictions of the preacher. To be such a sermon, it must come from the preacher's mind and warm heart, with the very life-blood of his soul at the moment of its delivery. —*E. G. Robinson.*

A New Disease.

A California physician who discovered a new disease—love madness—has been experimenting with the persons afflicted therewith and has produced the "love parasite," or bacillus micrococcus. This he cultivated up to the twentieth generation, and with the parasites of that generation he inoculated a number of subjects. The inoculation was invariably successful, symptoms of the disease appearing in a very short time after the operation. A bachelor, aged fifty, on the first day after inoculation had his whiskers dyed, ordered a suit of new clothes and a set of false teeth, bought a top buggy, a bottle of hair restorer, a diamond ring and a guitar, and began reading Byron's poems. The inoculation produced symptoms of the same nature in a young lady of forty-five. She spent five dollars at a drug store for cosmetics, bought a lot of new hair and a croquet set, sang "Empty is the Cradle," sent out invitations for a party, and complained that the Chico young men do not go into society. An inoculated youth of seventeen, employed in a country store, did up a gallon of molasses in a paper bag, and also in a fit of absent-mindedness, put the cat in the butter tub and threw some fresh butter out of the window. Finally, he sat in a basket of eggs while looking at the photograph of a pretty girl, and was discharged for his carelessness. The Chico doctor is still experimenting, and will soon lay the results of his observations before the medical world. —*Chicago Herald.*

—A New York physician condemns the use of the dotted veil ladies are wearing, and reports several cases of permanently injured eyes that have been caused by this fashionable nonsense.

—A letter written in Rome soon after the death of Garibaldi, says: "Italy is now what America was on the death of Lincoln."

The Best Way.

The best way to increase the appetite, assist digestion, cause the food to assimilate properly, and the absorbents to take up nourishment, induce full and regular evacuation, promote easy expectoration, and stoppage of the lungs, heart, liver, urinary and digestive organs and purify the blood, is by using that Queen of health called Dr. Guyssot's Yellow Bock and Sarsaparilla. Leading physicians recommend it as a true strengthener, a sure restorer and perfect health renewer. It is composed of harmless yet effective vegetable tonics and will not harm the most delicate, being especially adapted to enfeebled constitutions and infants.

S. J. P. CHATTANOOGA, Tenn.: "I have a valuable bird that I wish to sell on silk eggs. How can I prevent her doing so?" We have referred your letter to our poultry critic. He says there are many ways to prevent your hen from engaging in sedentary pursuits on a capital of six eggs. He suggests that you add another egg—or that you use the eggs in a custard pie, but he says if you want a dead sure thing boil the hen. —*Texas Siftings.*

A PHYSICIAN writes: "For all diseases affecting the blood, liver and kidneys, brain and nervous system, there is no combination prepared for general use more beneficial than Dr. Guyssot's Yellow Bock and Sarsaparilla. I recommend it frequently in my practice."

Why then frequently a crabbly dyspeptic and nervous sufferer? Why not be strong, healthy and robust!

—Why do you persist in moving away from me so far, dear cousin?" She—"Oh, for a distant relative it seems to me you are near enough already."

After Eight Long Years.
C. C. Jacobs, 78 Folson Street, Buffalo, writes that for eight long years he had tried every known remedy to cure him of piles, which had been treated by physicians without success, when he was ultimately cured by THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL.

The Lowell Courier is not surprised that car wheels are being made out of paper, as we have had "stationary engines" for a long time.

How OFTEN persons have been annoyed by burrs clinging to their dress or clothing, and how seldom have they, when cleaning them, given it a thought that Burdock Root is the most valuable blood cleanser and purifier known, and is sold by every druggist under the name of Burdock Blood Bitters. Price, \$1.

The Boston Transcript recommends kerosene oil to clean the smoke of outcrops of the breath, but doesn't state how many barrels are necessary.

Mr. Patterson Meant What He Said.
I hereby certify that my boy, 10 years of age, was taken sick with typhoid fever, followed by congestion of the lungs. Dr. Dyer, an eminent physician of this place, stated that he thought the boy would run down with quick consumption. A Mr. Patterson told me that Coe's Compound was curing similar cases, and advised me to purchase it. When I carried it home my wife laughed at me; but I knew that Mr. Patterson meant just what he said, and I determined to try it. Two bottles of the medicine cured him, so that now he is as tough and healthy as anybody.

LYMAN DORMAN, HUNTINGDON, CONN., Aug. 23, 1893.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, July 24, 1893.	
CATTLE—Native Steers	\$3.40 @ 4.50
Native Heifers	2.75 @ 4.00
Native Cows	3.10 @ 4.00
Texas Steers	3.25 @ 4.41
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	6.50 @ 7.25
Stockers	6.80 @ 7.25
WHEAT—No. 2	87 @ 89 1/2
No. 3	85 1/2 @ 87 1/2
RYE—No. 2	70 @ 75 1/2
CORN—No. 2	70 @ 75 1/2
OATS—No. 2	41 @ 49 1/2
BARLEY—No. 2	32 @ 38 1/2
WHEAT—Fancy per sack	2.50 @ 2.61
HAY—Car lots, bright	9.00 @ 9.50
BUTTER—Choice Dairy	17 @ 18
CHEESE—Kaukas new	18 @ 20
EGGS—Choice	11 @ 11 1/2
POOR—Hams	14 1/2 @ 14 3/4
Shoulders	19 @ 20
Sides	13 1/2 @ 14 1/2
LARD—Missouri, unwashed	12 @ 13 1/2
Wool—Missouri, unwashed	18 @ 20
POTATOES—New per bushel	50 @ 70
ST. LOUIS.	
CATTLE—Native Steers	\$3.00 @ 6.75
Native Heifers	2.75 @ 4.00
Native Cows	3.10 @ 4.00
Texas Steers	3.25 @ 4.41
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	6.50 @ 7.25
Stockers	6.80 @ 7.25
WHEAT—No. 2	87 @ 89 1/2
No. 3	85 1/2 @ 87 1/2
RYE—No. 2	70 @ 75 1/2
CORN—No. 2	70 @ 75 1/2
OATS—No. 2	41 @ 49 1/2
BARLEY—No. 2	32 @ 38 1/2
WHEAT—Fancy per sack	2.50 @ 2.61
HAY—Car lots, bright	9.00 @ 9.50
BUTTER—Choice Dairy	17 @ 18
CHEESE—Kaukas new	18 @ 20
EGGS—Choice	11 @ 11 1/2
POOR—Hams	14 1/2 @ 14 3/4
Shoulders	19 @ 20
Sides	13 1/2 @ 14 1/2
LARD—Missouri, unwashed	12 @ 13 1/2
Wool—Missouri, unwashed	18 @ 20
POTATOES—New per bushel	50 @ 70
CHICAGO.	
CATTLE—Native Steers	\$4.00 @ 6.01
Native Heifers	3.00 @ 5.00
Native Cows	3.50 @ 4.25
Texas Steers	3.75 @ 4.50
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	6.50 @ 7.25
Stockers	6.80 @ 7.25
WHEAT—No. 2	87 @ 89 1/2
No. 3	85 1/2 @ 87 1/2
RYE—No. 2	70 @ 75 1/2
CORN—No. 2	70 @ 75 1/2
OATS—No. 2	41 @ 49 1/2
BARLEY—No. 2	32 @ 38 1/2
WHEAT—Fancy per sack	2.50 @ 2.61
HAY—Car lots, bright	9.00 @ 9.50
BUTTER—Choice Dairy	17 @ 18
CHEESE—Kaukas new	18 @ 20
EGGS—Choice	11 @ 11 1/2
POOR—Hams	14 1/2 @ 14 3/4
Shoulders	19 @ 20
Sides	13 1/2 @ 14 1/2
LARD—Missouri, unwashed	12 @ 13 1/2
Wool—Missouri, unwashed	18 @ 20
POTATOES—New per bushel	50 @ 70

—A man while looking from the window of an emigrant car near Lyons, N. Y., the other day, had his head crushed by some object along the road, and died shortly afterward.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage and expressage and carriage hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, nearly opposite the Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms, single and suits, fitted up at an expense of one million dollars. Rooms reduced to \$1 and upward per day, on European plan. Elevators. Restaurant supplied with the best. Hotel cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots.

No matter how ugly a nose may be, its imperfections are overlooked by its owner. —*Boston Transcript.*

Personal.
The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Appliances, on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vitality and manhood. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed.

"CAPTAIN MURRAY calls the steamship Alaska 'the greyhound of the Atlantic.' She is probably barked right. —*Boston Transcript.*

Skinny Mer.
"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Nervous Debility, and restores the system. E. S. Wells, Jersey City, N. J.

Another dynamite mine in Russia. Go East, young man, and blow up with the country.

We are persuaded that the ancient Heron, with all the subtle art and natural resources of the Alchemists, was a very poor doctor compared with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass. Hermes may have been after all only a clever practitioner of the Black Art; but we know there is no humping in the pharmaceutical chemistry of Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

My boarders shall have "the fat of the land," she said, as she receipted for a tub of oleomargarine.

PURE CO. Liver Oil, from selected livers, on the sea shore, by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York. Absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it put it to all others. Physicians declare it superior to all other oils.

CHAPPED HANDS, face, pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

BEER is so scarce and high that a gentleman of this city is having a "Horn steak set for a breast-plate." —*Boston Courier.*

If you take Let's Dandelion Tonic when you perceive the first symptoms of "chills," you will almost invariably escape them. It fortifies the system against the attacks of other diseases as well. It improves the digestion, purifies the blood and regulates the liver.

GIRLS, like opportunities, are all the more to you after being embraced.

We can assure our readers, should they require anything of the kind, that WAREFIELD'S BLACKBERRY BALM will cure the worst cases of Diarrhea, Dysentery, or Flux. It is pleasant to the taste and perfectly safe. For Sale by all Druggists.

The lab-de-dah, cigarette-smoking young man, is now styled third-class male matter.

THERE was a young lady quite fair,
Who had much trouble with her hair,
So she bought Carboline,
And a sight to be seen
Is the head of this maiden, I declare.

THE boy who feasts upon dime literature is like cold molasses. He turns out blue.

If you use Fraser Axle Grease, continue; if you don't, commence now. You'll not regret it.

TRY the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

ON THE COMPLEXION.

Without going into any aesthetic raptures in regard to personal beauty, it must be admitted by all, that a pure and clear complexion often makes up for plain features, while a rough and sallow skin, or freckly face mars the most perfect Grecian profile that was ever molded from Nature's art gallery; but when a fresh, clear, transparent, and brilliant complexion is combined with a classical pleasing countenance, lustrous eye, and graceful form, the mind becomes enraptured with the beautiful association, and "how lovely" is the involuntary exclamation made by all who gaze upon this rare combination of nature's choicest gifts to the human family. A clear complexion is a living evidence of pure blood and sound health; and although there are many who try to improve the complexion by extraneous means, it is of little or no use, unless the seat of life has been reached, and the blood purified; in fact, art must be abandoned, and nature resorted to. All, therefore, who are anxious to possess a white, soft and smooth skin, with that peachy bloom so much admired, must not depend upon cosmetics, powders, or paints, their object should be to get the blood purified, which can be done easily, speedily and safely by Nature's own restorative, Burdock Blood Bitters, which gets to the healthy source of the system, and a fair complexion to the countenance.

It is the concurrent testimony of the public and the medical profession, that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a medicine which achieves results speedily felt, thorough and lasting. Besides rectifying the liver disorder, it invigorates the feeble, conquers kidney and bladder complaints, and restores the convalescence of those recovering from exhausting fevers. Moreover, it is the grand specific for liver and kidney troubles, and is sold by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

STOMACH BITTERS
NEW RICH BLOOD!

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS FOR RICH BLOOD, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to health, or, sent by mail for 5 better stamps. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

WHITNEY & HOLMES
ORGANS
Recall All Others in Tone and Durability. Highest First-Class Reputation. Established 1870. 30 Years.

NEW STYLE, NEW SOLO STORE, Whitney & Holmes Organ Co., Quincy, Ill.

15,000 CANCERERS now use our Saw Fillet to die all kinds of saws as they will cut better than ever. Price \$2.50. Circulars and prices Agents. Address E. ROY & BROS., New Oxford, Pa.